Threnodia

In obitum Honoratissimi

WENTWORTHI

KILDARIÆ COMITIS.

Baronis de *Ophalia*, &c.

SERENISSIMO

CAROLO II.

Magnæ Britanniæ, Franciæ & Hiberniæ Regi à Secretioribus hoc in Regno Conciliis.

DUDLINI:

Typis *Joannis Crooke* Typographi Regii prostantque venales apud *Sam. Dancer*.

1664.

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MEMORIÆ SACRUM.

Wentworthi

KILDARIÆ COMITIS,

Baronis de *Ophaly*, &c. sereniſſimo *Carolo* II.
a Conciliis in *Hibernia*.

TE ſiſtat Lector;
Quem vel ſiccis perlegere genis,
Vel madentibus, æquè nefas eſt;
Humanitatem quippè deflere ridiculum eſt,
Immortalitatem impietas;
Utramq; in eo demireris:
Et fractam Heroici Pulveris Clepſydram,
Oculorum Pietate repleas;
Propter amiſſam cujus *arenam*
Si lacrymarum rependere velis Oceanum,
Carere debet *Littore*.

In *Wentwortho* totum habes,
Quod genitus, vel miracula ſonat:
Dignum *Securi*, *faſcibuſq;* nomen,
Conſule dignum:
Wentworthus hîc jacet,
Cujus quot pulviſculi, tot recumbunt gratiæ:
Quæ enim in Illo vixerant, ſi mortales eſſent,
Sepelirentur Charites.

In illo juveneſcebat Antiquitas;
Omnes enim retrò Sæculorum *Kildariæ* Comites,
Hoc in uno gemis,
Tota nempè in illo familia inhumatur,
Antiqua illa & aliquantulam hîc æternitatem aſſecuta,
Honoris computum, ætatúmq; Ephemeris familia,
Tot Luſtrorum ſtadiis fatigata,
Et quaſi *Mortalitatis* affecta tædio,
Hanc tandem à fato impetravit requiem,
Ut in *Wentwortho* dormiat.

At extinctam ne crede Domum,
Quæ enim cum infantiâ temporis incepit,
Non niſi cum illius ſenio deſitura eſt;
Inſignibus nulla eſt præclarior imaginibus,
Inter quas *Wentworthi* vivit ſtatua;
Avitæ ſcilicet hæredem gloriæ *Joannem* reliquit,
Super imbecilles cujus humeros
Tam magna ſuffulcitur Domus,
Quæ ſuam ad huc ipſa ſuſtentat Columnam.

Kildarii virtutes
Fortè expectabis singulas;
At singulæ non erant;
Earum enutrivit ille *Coloniam*, Quidni sacram,
Catholicæ certè fuerant,
Pius erat, sed modestè & sine phaleris Pius:
Tam generosè & citra Plebeiam vanitatem Pius,
Ut in illo vel Religio fuerit nobilis;
Sed sua habebat Sphalmata,
Et glorioſa quidem;
Ergà Eccleſiam erat Prodigus,
Tamq; immenſæ egenos ergà benignitatis,
Quaſi ſuorum non Dominus, ſed Diſpenſator bonorum;
Quod ſi honeſtam hanc Romæ inſtituiſſet Mercaturam
Vel ipſos emiſſet Cœlos.

At ejus munificentiæ
Nulli pluſquam Muſæ debent:
Illis tam munificæ erat Naturæ,
Quaſi Artibus, ipſe Ars nova extitiſſet;
Et ſine Arte Liberalis.
Adeò ut ſi *Archimedes* quiſpiam reviviſceret,
Et Geometricas in ejus vel cineribus duceret Lineas,
Doctiſſima ſanè Atomus quælibet
Vel doceret eum,
Vel ei patrocinaretur.

Illum

Illum deniq; *Kildarium* habes,
Eximiam cujus facundiam, curia,
Singularem magnificentiam, Docti,
Et super omnia nobilitatem universus demirabatur orbis
At, eheu! raptus est, quonam fato quæris?
Eodem quo cæli terræq; laboraturæ sunt,
Igneo correptus est morbo;
Suus sibi corpus erat rogus,
Ut in Phœnice tumulatur Phœnix.

AN

AN

ELEGY

On the Right Honourable

Wentworth

EARL of *KILDARE*,

Baron of *Ophalia*, &c. one of His MAJESTIES Privy Council in *Ireland*.

HAd Grief an eloquence, as ſome allow,
At thy deceaſe we all ſhou'd Poets grow;
Ireland wou'd have a new, a watry Zone,
Wer't not an Iſland, we ſhould make it one:

But ah! that griefe's a bubble, 'tis not fit
Thy lasting Name shoud be in water writ:
In vain, strangely in vain, do they surmise
A Dirge, whose fatter brain sweats through their eyes
And drowns their friend, whil'st his wrack'd urn appears
Like those S. *Patrick*'s Church entombs in tears:
To burial Rites methinks they're too unjust,
That with adulterate water mix thy dust;
No vagrant drop beyond its bounds should go,
Unless perfum'd like amber it could flow:
Then petrifi'd by grief, its course reclaim,
And make a Pyramid sweet as thy name.
The Ancients on their Tombs did Altars rear,
And where their Hero's lay, their Gods lay there:
But sure those men were dull and lazy grown,
Who wept by proxy thus, and wept in stone:
Thy Pillars walk, and till that men grow dumb,
Posterity ne're need consult a Tomb:
To fix thy Epitaph, ridiculous were
Upon one place, since thou lie'st everywhere,
And art; like *Pompey*'s Corps, through Nations hurl'd,
Each several part enjoys a several World,
A distinct Microcosm, where thou dost live,
And where thou wilt, while we (thy Tombs) survive:
Yet lest our sorrow, as 'tis us'd to do,
Make us forget our selves; that's forget you,
May this on softer Hearts be writ, and on
The harder be engraven as on stone,
Here lies Kildare, and then we have said all,
It better sounds then, *Here lies Hannibal*:
The growing hopes, ripe glory of the Peers,
Untimely youth, and wit beyond his years,
Nobility and Honour both lie here,
If ever either of them buried were:
The sweet extreams of things in him combin'd,
Who had so stately, yet so low a minde,

As

As if that Nature might her ſelf outdoe,
Had made him Prince and common-people too:
There's ſome perhaps more learning have, but yet
None lov'd it more, nor more encourag'd it:
He to the arts (which now from him we'l call)
Was free, as they're to others liberal:
He wou'd not praiſe rare things, as others do,
But made them his, bought *men*, and bought parts too:
Nor ſtopt He at deſert, but he did more
Happy, if known to him, were ev'n the Poor.
Thus all did merit in his generous ſenſe,
Either his pity, or munificence.
The ſureſt argument he does not live,
Is onely that he has given o're to give,
And what confirm'd him paſt recovery,
Was that he ſhut his hand, not ſhut his eye:
But now they are both ſhut ———————
His valiant Soul ſure cou'd dread death no more,
For he had ſeen that many times before,
He onely was aſham'd it ſhou'd be ſaid
To times to come, it found him in his bed:
Yet that was Natures fault, who did decree
To burn this Phœnix of Nobility.
Feavers! her Executioners that do
Make us all Martyrs whe'r we will or no:
Feavers? that burn our fires, O ſtrange device!
And heat us ſo, until we all turn ice
They ſnatch'd him: thus *Eliab* did deceaſe,
Onely his Chariot was not a diſeaſe.
He ſick, call'd for his Coach, and ſo it came
At laſt, a holy Coach, a Coach of flame:
Why mayn't we think Heav'n met him at's deſire,
I mean, th' Empyrean Heav'n, the Heav'n of fire:
Where b'ing tranſported, and as yet not dead,
He knew not where he was, nor what he ſaid;

But ah! that griefe's a bubble, 'tis not fit
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Make us all Martyrs whe'r we will or no:
Feavers? that burn our fires, O ſtrange device!
And heat us ſo, until we all turn ice
They ſnatch'd him: thus *Eliah* did deceaſe,
Onely his Chariot was not a diſeaſe.
He ſick, call'd for his Coach, and ſo it came
At laſt, a holy Coach, a Coach of flame:
Why mayn't we think Heav'n met him at's deſire,
I mean, th' Empyrean Heav'n, the Heav'n of fire:
Where b'ing tranſported, and as yet not dead,
He knew not where he was, nor what he ſaid;

(For what in men wou'd perfect rav'ing be,
In Saints are raptures and pure extasie)
But I disturb his dust, rest happy clay,
Rest till thou sleep'st mortality away,
Till the last Summons wake Thee to appear,
With all the bodies that are militant here,
Then valiant dust, rise 'mong the first of all:
None will rise sooner at the Trumpets call.

In

In Honoratiſsimi immaturas WENTWORTHI *Exequias, Kildariæ Comitis, Baronis de Ophalia, omnium in Hiberniâ Comitum nec non Baronum longè Primi, Sereniſsimo Carolo ſecundo in hoc Regno à Conciliis*

ELEGIA.

PYramides inter, Niobæaq; Marmora ſpirent,
Artifici quibus eſt mortua vita manu.
Tu noſtri capias Monumenta æterna doloris,
Nam vitam, & tumulum reddere, novit amor:
Cum tibi contigerit veſtrum tumulare Sepulchrum,
Et vetula in cineres labitur urna tuos;
Vives, perpetuo fœlix in carmine vives,
Cum ſubeant ipſam vel tua Buſta necem.

Wentworthus decimâ nondùm trieteride natus,
Gloria *Kildariæ* Præſidiumq; Domus;
A fatis inter virides decerpitur annos,
Morſq; negat noſtræ parcere Sæva Spei:
Et non plebeio contenta in gramine ludit,
Meſſuit at Sacram ruſtica falce Roſam.

Sed

Sed noſtris adeò non eſt mors digna querelis,
Kildarii gratas præſtitit illa vices:
Naribus illa Roſam hanc Cæli, dulcedine captis
Admovit, dignam nobiliore ſolo:
Creſcit in Elyſiis inter viridaria ridens,
Et Florem Heröum jam Paradiſus habet:
Ex his Aſtrorum Satrapæ Diademata nectunt,
Et ſtipant verum talia Serta Jovem.
Muſa dabit nullos ergo Tibi garrula Leſſos,
Nec gemet atrato Syrmate vulgus iners;
Sed Pæana canet lætus dolor, atq; triumphos,
Dum ſit funeribus purpura pulla tuis:
Debita vel cineri ſed ne ſua gloria deſit,
Hinc diſcant lachrymas ſæcla futura ſuas.
Hic juvenile decus tumulatur, ſtirpis avitæ,
Plebis deliciæ, Nobilitatis amor:
Utraq; quem luget Pallas, deflevit in uno
Quem *Toga* Patronum, quem *Saga* mæſta Ducem:
Blandus erat, blandus, non Majeſtate remiſſâ:
Credere ſic faciles poſſumus, eſſe Deos:
Maxima floruerat quo virtus Principe digna,
Quo Majeſtati eſt conciliatus Amor.
Munificus cunctis fuerat, ſuper omnia Muſis,
Illis & dederat munera, ſeq; dedit.
Totus erat ſemperq; libris, ſtudiiſq; diurnus
Sol Lychnus fuerat, Luna lucerna fuit;
Naturam ingenuus ſervire coegerat Arti,
Ut non tam Muſis Phæbus & ipſe frequens.
Tam generoſus erat, doctrinæ tantus amator,
Hunc Stoa læta ſuum, dixerat, Aula ſuum:
Diſcuſſit tantas rerum mors arbitra Lites,
Utraq; funeribus jam viduata dolet.

At

At quæres in tam Regali funere, ſi qua
  Pexuit hirſutas præfica ſtella comas?
Nulla quidèm, Juveni niſi ſtella ſimillima, lævis,
  Tam *comptum* Sydus, quam fuit ipſe *Comes*:
Illius nequiit componere Barba Cometam,
  Et tamen exiguo tempore *Neſtor* erat.
Vix è carceribus metam celer attigit ætas,
  Currere cum vitam debuit, ille volat.
Et jam Seraphicas totus mutatur in Alas,
  O Elegos ſcribat ſi ſua Penna ſuos!
Sed ſi votivum non dedignere tabellam,
  Hæc ſint *Kildariis* carmina ſcripta Tholis:

Hunc ſibi nobilitas tumulum, virtuſq; dicavit,
  Et quicquid Sacrum Gloria novit anus;
Hos inter Cineres, illáq; repoſtus in Urnâ
  Dormiret certè, ſi moreretur honos.

Mæcenati ſuo mœrens poſuit,

Jo. Jones, Trin. Col. Soc.

FINIS.